

EXHIBIT C

10/4/2023

Your Honor,

My goal in writing this character statement is for you to show my brother leniency. You have seen my brother in the courtroom. But you haven't seen the brother that I know. If you're going to read only one statement, it should be mine. I've known my brother every single day of my life, making me the most qualified to write about him. Our ages are close, with me at 43 and him at 47. We share an ongoing joke because my birthday precedes my brothers in the calendar year, allowing me to catch up to him for a few months every year.

Undoubtedly, he's always been my big brother, and I've looked up to him since the very beginning. My brother possesses a unique charisma, which he often reserves for family and close friends, although others have glimpsed it too. In high school, he even clinched the title of Mr. Manalapan, a perfect match for his personality. If you are lucky enough to be in his inner circle, consider yourself fortunate. People naturally want to be around him because his personality is magnetic.

As a teenager, he was more protective of me than my parents, and I am eternally grateful for that. In various roles — friend, big brother, son, husband, uncle, and father — he goes above and beyond to enhance the lives of those around him. Whether it's bringing laughter or offering a much-needed life lesson, my brother has been my rock during life's most challenging times, regardless of what is going on in his life at that moment.

Thinking back to our childhood, he has always excelled as both an athlete and a student, qualities I greatly admired. While academic success came naturally to him, athleticism required unwavering determination and hard work, traits that have significantly shaped his character. His involvement in numerous sports teams taught him valuable lessons in collaboration, leadership, and self-discipline, instilling a sense of community and accomplishment. I proudly spent most afternoons and weekends cheering him on.

However, it was during the heartbreaking moments when he didn't make a team or faced numerous injuries, from separated shoulders to torn ligaments and even major knee reconstruction surgery, that I felt deeply connected to his pain. Any of these injuries alone would have ended most people's sports careers, but not my brother's. The same can be said for how he has handled the significant hurdles over the past several years and how I have felt throughout this ordeal.

I remember not just his teachers, coaches, teammates, friends, and girlfriends, but their impact on his life and his impact on theirs, perhaps even more vividly than my own experiences. Growing up, I idolized him not because he was perfect, but because he was imperfect, making mistakes and facing failures, yet always holding his head high, giving life his all. When he believes in something or someone, my brother goes all in. His unwavering loyalty and determination are both his strengths and his weaknesses.

When our dad was diagnosed with kidney cancer in June 2005, my brother and I clung to each other for comfort and hope. I spent many nights at his apartment with him and his wife, Lori. Our father fought hard, but a mere five months later, in November 2005, he passed away, leaving a void that seemed impossible to fill. Losing a family member, especially in a close-knit family, alters everyone's roles, and it felt like pieces of a puzzle no longer fit. We were left to rewrite the future we thought we had planned together. And my brother stepped up.

At just 29 years old my brother found himself about to be a first-time father while having just lost his own father. On top of that, the world expected him to morph into my dad and take on tremendous roles. I was in awe of the way he readily took on so much, but I also knew the emotional drain he was feeling. I held on to happier memories we shared such as family vacations, the time he surprised me at college when I was nursing a broken heart, his visit to pick me up in London after a semester abroad, and the sibling dinners we had regularly.

My brother built a beautiful family and we have remained each other's biggest cheerleaders throughout the years. My sister-in-law, Lori, has become my confidante, and their children—[REDACTED]—shine in their own unique ways. My brother excels as a father, making each of his children feel incredibly special, a role he takes very seriously. He is a constant in their lives offering them regular support and love the way only a parent can. As a husband, he embodies qualities like honesty, kindness, humor, thoughtfulness, and partnership. The past couple of years have been extremely stressful for my brother and his family and everyone who cares about them. Despite various setbacks and a very cloudy future, he continues to be there anyway he can for his family every day. Many people would just bury their heads in the sand, but not my brother. He has continued to hold employment throughout as much of this ordeal as possible, as he knows that providing for his family is tantamount. And I have a tremendous amount of respect for him in doing so.

As I penned these words, I realized that initially, I hadn't mentioned Seth by name. I referred to him as "my brother" every time. It felt natural because he isn't just a brother—he's my first friend, my lifelong friend, my protector, and my family. He will always be mine. His wins, losses, successes, failures, and mistakes are mine too, because what's his is mine, and what's mine is his. We'll always have that place from our childhood where we laughed endlessly for hours and dreamed about being neighbors.

Yet, he isn't just mine. He also belongs to our 73-year-old mom, our elderly aunts and uncles, our cousins, my husband, my kids, lifelong friends, the kids he coaches in team sports, and most importantly, his wife and his children. We all love him, we all need him, and we all admire him. Seth is a good person with a good heart and I hope that you are able to see this in him.

I am so proud of Seth for approaching this situation with morality and waking up each day with a positive outlook. I feel powerless and unable to truly help him and that is something I carry with me daily. This letter is the only way I can support him. I hope it serves to protect my brother as a thank you for all the times he has protected me and will continue to protect me in the future.

Reflecting on our journey together, I'm reminded that Seth's honorable character, kindness, empathy, patience, and strength isn't just a part of who he is; it's the thread that weaves our sibling bond. It's the reason I've always felt safe and loved.

Sincerely,

Robin Geisler